

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, THE MARKETS, AGRICULTURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

DAVID FULTON, Editor.

GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY.

TERMS: \$2.50 in advance.

VOL. 2.—NO. 10.

WILMINGTON, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1845.

WHOLE NO. 62.

WILMINGTON JOURNAL.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY
PRICE & FULTON, PROPRIETORS.

TERMS
Two Dollars and fifty cents if paid in advance.
\$3.00 at the end of three months.
No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers. No subscription received for less than twelve months.

CLUBS OF
Five new subscribers, to one address, \$11.00
Ten, do. do. do. 20.00
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No attention paid to any order unless the money accompanies it.

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Letters to the proprietors on business connected with this establishment, must be post paid, and directed to the firm.

OFFICE on the south-east corner of Front and Princess streets, opposite the Bank of the State.

PRINTING
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Neatly executed and with despatch, on liberal terms for cash, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

DAVID FULTON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

CHARLES D. ELLIS & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GILLESPE & ROBESON
Continue the AGENCY business, and will make liberal advances on consignments of Lumber, Naval Stores, &c. &c.
Wilmington, August 1st, 1845.
The Observer and the North Carolinian, Fayetteville, will copy six months and forward accounts to this office.

John S. Richards,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND
GENERAL AGENT,
Wilmington, N. C.

Respectfully refers to
Messrs. J. & E. Anderson, } Wilmington, N. C.
R. W. Brown, Esq. }
Messrs. Woolsey & Woolsey, } New York.
"Richards, Bassett & Aborn, }
"Richards, Esq. }
June 27, 1845. 41-1f

EDWARD HEALY,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Hall & Armstrong's Wharf,
Wilmington, N. C.
June 13, 1845. 39-1y

CORNELIUS MYERS,
Manufacturer & Dealer in
HATS AND CAPS.
Wholesale and Retail,
MARKET STREET—Wilmington, N. C.

GEORGE W. DAVIS,
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANT,
LONDON'S WHARF, WILMINGTON, N. C.

WILLIAM COOKE,
General Commission Merchant,
AND
Receiving and Forwarding Agent,
Next door North of the New Custom-house,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

Liberal advances made on shipments to his friends in New York.
September 21, 1844. 1-1f

WM. SHAW,
Wholesale & Retail Druggist,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

JOHN HALL,
Commission Merchant,
One door So. of Brown & DeRossett's, Water-st.,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

LIST OF BLANKS
ON HAND, and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

County and Sup. Court Writs
do do Subpoenas
do do Fi. Pas.
County Court Seals
Apprentices' Indentures
Letters of Administrators
Juror's Tickets
Peace warrants
Constable's bonds
Notes of hand
Checks, Cape Fear Bank
do Branch Bank of the State
Notes negotiable at bank
Inspector's Certificates
Certificates of Justices attending Court
Shipping Papers
Any blank wanted and not on hand will be printed with the utmost despatch.
Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons, requiring blanks, or any other work in the printing line would do well to give a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

BLANK Note Passes, for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CHARLES BARR,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

MAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends in Wilmington and its vicinity, for the patronage so liberally bestowed him, for the last three years, while amongst them, and hopes, by strict attention to business, and every effort to accommodate, to merit a continuance of the same.

He has just returned from the Northern markets with one of the finest STOCKS of GOODS that has ever been exhibited in this or any other town in the state, comprising every article usually kept in a Merchant Tailor's Store, consisting of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES and VESTINGS, of the newest styles, all of which will be found worthy of the attention of his friends. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.

He has also on hand a full assortment of Ready-made Clothing.

got up especially under his direction, while in Philadelphia, and he is disposed to sell them as cheap as any other house in town.

SOMETHING NEW IN WILMINGTON.
Clothes made as people want them.

James Richardson,
THE BEST TAILOR that has ever been connected with the trade in this place, has quit the establishment of Chas. Barr, and intends taking a store opposite, on Market street, where he expects through the exercise of his industry and superior skill in the habilitary art, to merit a liberal share of patronage.

Oct 3, 1845 3-1f

Boarding House.

THE SUBSCRIBER would inform his friends that he will remove on the 10th of October next, to the house adjoining to and one door North of the Hanover House, on Front street, where he will be prepared to receive those who may favor him with a call. His terms will be moderate, and he will endeavor to make transient boarders as comfortable as if they were at home. He can always accommodate those who may have horses.

He would also inform his friends and the public at large, that his

Livery Stables
are in good order, and that careful hostlers will always be ready to take charge of Horses.

He keeps constantly on hand, HORSES and BUGGIES for hire.
DAVID THALL,
N. B.—Drivers can be well accommodated.
September 26th, 1845. 2-1m

Spring & Summer Arrangements FOR 1846.

THE Subscribers have entered into an agreement to furnish ICE to the Inhabitants of Wilmington and the surrounding country the ensuing season. We pledge ourselves to do so without disappointment to any who may favor us with their contracts or custom. Mr. Shaw is now absent and will make arrangements while in Boston for a supply of Ice to furnish all who may wish it from April to the middle of October.

WM. SHAW.
A. PAUL REPITON.
Sept 26th, 1845 2-1f

NOTICE.

THE subscribers having formed a co-partnership under the firm of

BERNARD & CO.,
offer for sale, (at their stand two doors North of R. H. Stanton & Co.) a select assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. &c. &c.

They will also attend to the sale of Country produce.

EDWARD J. BERNARD,
GEORGE P. GRANT,
RICHARD H. GRANT.
sept 15, (19.) 1845. 63-3m

To Rent.

THE dwelling known generally as the Toomer house, nearly opposite the residence of Capt. Ellis. For particulars apply to
J. A. SINTAS.
Oct 10 1845 4-1f

OLD NASH BRANDY.

60 bbls. warranted 10 years old, for sale by G. W. DAVIS.

SHEA'S BOOK KEEPING.—This admirable system of Book-keeping can be purchased at the Wilmington Book Store.
M2, 1845. [33uf] ALONZO WARD.

Rock Spring Hotel.

THE SUBSCRIBER has taken the above establishment, where he is prepared to receive boarders, and with the convenient and comfortable arrangement of the House, its convenient location for business men, and by strict attention on his part, for the comfort of his customers, he trusts to receive, as heretofore, a liberal share of public patronage.
N. F. BOURDEAUX.
sept 26, 1845 2-1f

Corn.

1200 Bushels North-west Corn, in store, and for sale by G. W. DAVIS, London's wharf.
Oct 10, 1845]

CORN.

1000 Bushels prime white Hyde county and 200 bushels prime yellow Edgecombe county CORN, just received, in store, and for sale by WM. COOKE, Agt.
August 29th, 1845.

BLANK CHECKS A neat article, for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Fish! Fish!

JUST received from the Albemarle Fisheries: 172 whole Herring, 46 do cut, 29 half bbls family Roe Herring, 5 do do cut.
For sale by Wm. COOKE, Agt.
October 3, 1845

Wines.

CASK, 3 doz., old gold Sherry, 1 do 3 " L. P. Madeira, 1 do 3 " very old Sercial. For sale by BARRY & BRYANT.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ABOUT A BAROMETER.

It was near eight o'clock in the evening, when the overseer of a plantation in the interior of this State was aroused from a half and half kind of a stupor, caused by the combined influences of the heat of the weather and the odor of some genuine Havana leaf, by the shrill cry of 'House! house! Haint there nobody to hum here?'

'Jim,' shouted the overseer, looking towards the negro quarters, 'go to the gate and see what on earth all that bawling's for?'

Obedient the order, Jim hastily unbared the gate, and there drove up one of those nondescript vehicles known as a yankee pedlar's wagon. There emerged from the vehicle aforesaid a curious specimen of nature's handiwork. He was a tall, slim man, with a pair of small, twinkling grey eyes; a nose whose only occupation seemed to be to sniff and twitch whenever its owner spoke. The mouth of the individual was ornamented with a slight pucker, and his whole appearance denoted that he wished to place himself in the smallest space possible. In proof of this, his bell-crowned hat stuck directly on the top of his head; his coat and vest had evidently belonged to a younger brother, and his pantaloons fitted him like India rubber. Yes, in one thing he was profuse, and that was he termed 'his hair.' It was beautiful hair—in color a 'delicate ginger,' or may be what the urchins would call 'a yellor taffy color.' It was combed behind his ears and fell in graceful negligence on the back of his coat. In fact, to take him for 'all in all' at first sight, one would be impressed with the idea that Nature had made Joel Spry, for such was his name, at the very lowest terms, of the most ordinary material, and on the very cheapest scale.

'Wa-al,' said he, after surveying Mr. Simmons, the overseer, for a second or two, 'your name be'ant Hodson,—no, not Hodson, Tomkins; no, darn the name!—And after studying that book on nimmo-tichny, (mnemotechny) too, that tells allers what people forget, I only to think that I can't think of. Oh, now I got it! Your name be'ant a-a Jenk—I say mister, what might be your name?'

'Simmons,' answered the overseer.

'Wa-al, now, only to think! I thought of that name all the while, and yet I couldn't git it out. Why, mister, the man that keeps the plantation adjoinin' your'n told me that you was almighty clever and said he thought as how I might do a little tradin' with you.'

'Well,' said Simmons, 'what have you got to sell?'

'Sell?' said Joel with a look of wonder, 'what have I got to sell? Why, Mr. Simmons, I got all on earth that kin be sold.—Calicoes, potash, cutlery, calomel, broad-cloth, buttons, yarn, nutmegs, allspice, clocks, thermometers, barometers!'

And as if a sudden thought struck him, he looked appealingly in the overseer's face, and in a voice of the utmost solicitude said, 'Neow, Mister Simmons, do you want a first rate barometer? You don't know how much you could save.—I'll tell you when it's a'go in to rain and when it's a'go in to shine—when to plant and when to hoe—when to—'

'Oh,' said Simmons, cutting Mr. Spry very short, 'I'll bet you fifty dollars against all you have in your wagon, that I have an old blind nigger who can tell the changes of the weather with more precision than the best of your barometers!'

'I s'wore!' chuckled Mr. Joel Spry to himself, 'if he be'ant a chance to make the pewter, then I'm darned! Simmons I'm your man; down with the dollars, and I'll unload the wagon.'

Suiting the action to the word, the bet was speedily arranged. Mr. Joel Spry with great care took out two large boxes, one marked 'dry goods,' and the other 'fancy articles,' and had them carefully deposited in the overseer's room.

'Neow,' said he, after taking a stiff glass of Monongahela, 'it's a giuin' late, and I want to commence. Bring forth the nigger that'll match this barometer.'

'Here, Jake!' bawled the overseer.—Forthwith there hobbled from the negro quarters an old Ethiopian, three shades darker than charcoal, as blind as a bat, and four times as ugly.

'Har, massa, har am old Jake.'

'Jake, what kind of weather are we going to have to-morrow?'

'Cloudy wedder, massa, cloudy wedder. Ole Jake's big toe feel like de debbil to night.'

'Wa-al, if that don't beat all that ever I hern tell on, I wish I may be darned,' said Mr. Spry, with a horse laugh. 'Only to think, a blind nigger tellin' the state of the weather by his toes! Oh, Jehossaphat!'

'Well sir, and what says the barometer?'

'Says? Why if it says clear, light winds, and not a drop of rain.'

'We'll see,' said the overseer. 'Jim, order this horse, and put the wagon over the shed. Mr. Spry, this is your room. Good night, sir.'

'Good night, Mr. Simmons. But wait awhile, neow, du take care of them boxes. I got nearly four hundred dollars worth of goods in 'em, and if the cutlery gits damp, or the calicoes get siled, I shall be ruined.'

With this injunction the parties retired to rest. The next morning, when they awoke the sky was overcast, and the aspect of nature portended a long fall of rain.

'Aha, what did old Jake tell you Mr. Spry,' was the first remark of the overseer.

'Wa-al, now, the quicksilver in my barometer must a' been damp. But I say, now, friend Simmons, you'll let me have another trial. You won't take all that a poor feller's got on a'right, jist on account of the quicksilver's bein' damp?'

'Oh, no,' said the good-natured Simmons, 'you may try every day for a week—your board and your horse's feed shall cost you nothing, but at the end of that time I must either have your goods, or you my fifty dollars.'

Mr. Joel Spry concluded the bargain with some apparent hesitation, but seemed resolved to make the best of a bad case.—Every night Spry's barometer was pitted against old blind Jake's toes, and regularly every morning the toes came off victorious. Spry, who ate all the while like a horse, and actually commenced getting fat, declared on every successive morning that 'he should be ruined past redemption.'

He tore his hair, clenched his hands, cursed old Jake for a hobgoblin, and swore that had he been born in Salem, he would have been hung for a wizard. At last the seventh day came. It had rained for six days previous without intermission, and now, as old Jake, through his science in toecology, had predicted the night previous, in opposition to the indications of Spry's barometer, the sun shone bright and beautiful. Spry took his mare from the stable and harnessed her in his wagon. With tears in his eyes, he bade the negroes who were laughing at him, 'good bye,' and actually gave old Jake the barometer which had cost him so much trouble.

'Simmons,' said he 'you won the debt fairly—take the things, and keep 'em, and never say again that you never knew an honest yankee pedlar.'

'Well, well, good bye,' said Simmons, 'I wanted to teach one of you d—d yankees a lesson, and I guess that I've given you what you deserve.'

'Wa-al,' sobbed Mr. Spry in a most melancholy tone, 'it can't be help'd.—Good bye, Simmons. Git up, Nabby;—git up, you tarmal critter!' So saying he applied the lash to Nabby, and she moved away at an astonishing rate. When Spry had got outside the gate, he turned around and said in a loud nasal tone:—'I say, Simmons! them boxes of mine is full of goods. Full to the brim with brickbats and cornstalks! Got a week's board and lodging, and horse feed for nothin'. I know'd it was a'go in to rain for a week, and that I could not travel! That barometer of mine is patent and no mistake. I say, Simmons's, how is old Jake's toes?—Gee tip, Nabby!'

'Here, Jim, get me my gun?' said Simmons in a terrible fury.

'I draw'd the load out afore you was up this morning,' shouted Spry, who was now out of danger.

'Well,' said Simmons almost out of breath with anger, 'if I ever see a yankee pedlar on this plantation again, if I don't shoot I wish I may loose a year's pay, and be d—d into the bargain!—N. O. Delta.

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From the Legends of New England.

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.

BY JOHN J. WHITTIER.

"The gaunt wolf, Scouting the place of slaughter, with his long And most offensive howl did ask for food."

"'Twas a night of January, 17—, We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our settlement of four or five log houses. 'Twas rather late—about 12 o'clock, I should guess—when the party broke up. There was no moon, and a dull, grey shadow of haze hung around the horizon, while overhead a few pale and sickly looking stars gazed us their dull light as they shone through a dingy curtain.—There were my two sisters and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, though I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart—so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her. She had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leaf in June. No wonder then that Harry Mason loved her—boy though he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeen summer."

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine rising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep; deeper a great deal than it ever falls of late years; but the surface was frozen strongly enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the

bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far, before a long low howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment, and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were close to my own, and a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—the wolves! the wolves!

Did you ever see a wild wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for sumpence a sight, and children half-price; but a fierce half-starved ranger of the wintry forest, howling and hurrying over the barren snow, actually mad with hunger? There is no one of God's creatures which has got such a frightful fiendish look as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another, and another howl; and then we could hear distinctly the quick patter of feet behind us. We all turned right about and looked in the direction of the sound. The devils are after us, said Mason, pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a pow wow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of the vile creatures who followed us, to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

'To the tree; let us climb this tree!' I cried, springing forward towards a low boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a glance might be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground, and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us, and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold, and we soon began to shake, like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there was no murmurs—no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great, glowing eyes, staring up in the trees where we were seated. And then their yells—they were loud and long and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if breaking down beneath the weight of some of us; and a moment afterwards a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went down thro' the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

'Oh, God! I am gone!'

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole at that time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remembered that there were cries and shudderings around me; perhaps I joined them—and there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. 'Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad with the taste of blood.

When I came fully to myself—when the truly horrible dream went off; and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raving animals. But when a second thought came over me, I knew that any attempt to rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason he was wild with horror. He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side, with his hands firmly clenched and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the dark wrangling creatures below with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick cold night—and below, the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last; and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of day-light, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl down from our resting place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb and cold with terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raved wildly about the things he had witnessed. There were bloody stains upon the tree; and two or three long locks of dark hair were trampled in the snow.

We had gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild

and frightful appearance; and my brothers have oftentimes told me that at first view we all seemed like so many crazed and brain-sickened creatures. They assisted us to reach our home; but Harry Mason never recovered fully from the dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, anon muttering to himself about that horrible night. He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard before age had whitened a single hair of his head.

'For my part, I confess I have never entirely overcome the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like my shadow, and even now the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when more than half a century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.'

Impromptu Versification.—A correspondent of the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, writing from Norwich, (Conn.), relates this amusing anecdote:

'The notorious Benedict Arnold originated in this place, and the house in which he was born, is still standing. From childhood he was self-willed, reckless and profane, and his end was in keeping with the proverb, that 'the child's the father of the man.' All the family had good brains; one of them—a cousin of Benedict—was of a roving disposition, and remarkable for his skill in making extempore verses. As illustrative of his promptness, he was once introduced to Joel Barlow, who was just then quite noted for his edition of 'Watts's Psalms and Hymns,' which, like some hymn-book makers in modern times, he had altered not a little. Barlow asked him for a specimen of his talent; on which he at once replied,

'You've proved yourself a sinful creature; You've murdered Watts, and spoiled his metre; You've tried the word of God to alter, And for your pains deserve a halloo!'

The Seven Deadly Sins.—1. Refusing to take a newspaper.

2. Taking a newspaper and not paying for it.

3. Not Advertising.

4. Advertising and not paying for it.

5. Making a printing office a loafing place.

6. Reading manuscript in the hands of the compositor.

7. Sending an abusive and threatening letter to the editor.

For the first and second offence no absolution can be granted. The third offence can be remedied. The fourth is unpardonable. For the balance, dispensation can only be received by an especial bull from the grieved party.